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clothing. I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we ought to send them a few school-masters, for I understand that they are a shockingly ignorant people.'

"But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?"

'That is the great beauty of it. *Both sides conquer*; and there are never any killed and wounded.'

### ILLUSTRATIONS OF WAR.

"The history of every War," says Wilson in one of his *Lay Sermons*, "is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice, and eyed each other awhile with rather jealous, indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. 'What are you glowrin' at, Billy?' asked Donald. 'What's that to you?' retorted Billy. 'I'll look where I have a mind; and hinder me, if ye daur.' The answer to this was a hearty blow; and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snowballs; but at length they met and coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one of the parties, I asked, 'What are you pelting the others for? What have they done to you?' 'O naething at a', they replied, 'naething at a', mon; *we just want to gie them a good thrashin'.*' And at it they went again, and continued till they were quite exhausted, when one of the principal heroes, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, stepped forth between the belligerent parties, and addressed them thus: 'Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye—if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.' There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

That trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown-up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that, instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a fearful waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions—if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane."

What, then, is the use of War? What good does it do? 'It asserts our rights,' says one. So it claims on both sides alike; but does it *secure* rights? Can it of itself decide what is *right*? Only by accident. Between two parties in dispute, can it decide which is right, and which is wrong? If so, how? By proof, by argument, by the judgment of impartial judges? Never.

'But War,' says another, 'is a *process of justice.*' Tell us how. What does a process of justice include? First a law as a criterion of right; next a common judge to interpret and apply this law; then a fair, full opportunity of the parties in dispute to prove and argue their case in open court; next a verdict of the jury, and finally the decision carried by an executive peacefully into effect. Is there in war anything like this? Justice by war! As well expect justice from a street-fight, or from letting loose a hundred tigers. A half a million of human

tigers shooting, stabbing, trampling one another down on a battle-field—do you call that a process of justice?

'But war *does* settle disputes.' True, they *are* settled; but how? Does the fighting do it? Very seldom. The parties fight till they are both tired, and then send peace-men, plenipotentiaries, to agree on terms of peace, which generally leave the points in dispute very nearly where they found them, *ante quo bellum*, as diplomatists say, as the boys said in plain Saxon, *if ye'll let us alane, we'll let you alane.*

### IS WAR CHRISTIAN?

If so, it must accord with the Decalogue, breathe the spirit of the Gospel, and put in practice the precepts of both. Does it do this? Can it, and still be war? Let us see.

I. What does the DECALOGUE enjoin? *Thou shalt not have any other Gods before me.* War does not let its agents obey God rather than man, but compels them to do what their officers or the government bid them do, right or wrong, without inquiring whether it is right or wrong.—*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.* Is not war everywhere a notorious school of profanity?—*Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.* War knows no Sabbath, never did, never can.—*Thou shalt not steal.* *Thou shalt not kill.* *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* Everybody knows, who knows anything on the subject, that war habitually violates, as of right, all such precepts by wholesale.

II. What does the GOSPEL teach? Christ says, *Blessed are the Peace-makers. Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also. Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you.* So all his Apostles. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Avenge not yourselves.* Does war do thus? Can it, and still be war?

ERASMUS. — 'Do you detest robbery and pillage? These are among the *duties* of war. Do you shudder at murder? To commit it with dispatch, and by wholesale, constitutes the art of war. The absurdest circumstance of all is, that you see in wars among Christian nations the cross waving on high in both the contending armies at once—crosses dashing against crosses, and Christ on this side firing bullets at Christ on the other! Cross against cross, Christ against Christ, and prayers at the same time from both armies to the same God of Peace!!'

ROBERT HALL. — 'War is the fruitful parent of crimes. *It reverses all the rules of morality.* It is *nothing less than a TEMPORARY REPEAL OF THE PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE*; a system out of which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are included.'

HORACE MANN. — 'In peace, homicide is a crime; in war, it is an honor, and the conqueror's laurels grow luxuriant according to the streams of human blood with which he fertilizes them. In *peace*, the incendiary of a single dwelling is punished; in *war*, the light of conflagrated cities becomes a halo of glory around the conqueror's head. In *peace*, a pirate is an enemy of the human race; in *war*, the privateer, who answers to the pirate, seizes honorable plunder. In *peace*, the greatest proportion of robbers and thieves stamps a community as most iniquitous and debased; in *war*, the greatest number of robberies and thefts, with the greatest amount of pillage, measures the financial glory of the campaign. In peace, it is the duty of the priest to pray for his enemies, and to prepare souls for